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HERBERT F. NORRIS.

Among the young men of New Hampshire whose names have been prominent in our state politics during the past few years, Herbert F. Norris of Epping, is one of the most active and well known.

The Norrises of Epping, and most of those bearing the name in this section of the country, are the descendants of seven brothers who were among the first settlers of that town, then a portion of Exeter, who located upon farms in the same vicinity, all lying along the road from Epping village to West Epping. The name was prominent in the early history of the town, several of its representatives taking a prominent part in public and military affairs. We find, in fact, that precisely one hundred years previous to the election of the subject of our sketch as a member of the legislature from Epping, in 1877, the town was represented in that body by one Josiah Norris.

Herbert F. Norris was born in Epping, July 28, 1849. He is the eldest of five children (two sons and three daughters) of Israel F. Norris, a farmer, of that town. His early years were spent in labor upon his father's farm, and in attending the district school. Subsequently he attended the high school in the neighboring town of Raymond about a year, and was afterwards engaged in teaching several terms in his own town. In December, 1870, he entered the N. H. Conference Seminary at Tilton, and graduated in the college preparatory course in the summer of 1872, taking high rank in his class, which was one of the largest ever graduated from that institution. While in the Seminary he developed a decided talent for debate, and was an acknowledged leader in society matters. He had contemplated a college course at Dartmouth, but was prevented from entering with the class that year, by a severe illness, and finally relinquished the idea. Upon his recovery he engaged in teaching, being successively engaged at West Epping, Fremont, and South Newmarket, and going immediately from the latter place to take charge of the Academy at Canaan, for the spring term of 1873. Subsequently he taught another term of school at Epping, returning to Canaan as principal again in the fall, and also teaching the next spring term of that academy. Meantime, in December, 1873, he entered as a student at law in the office of Eastman, Page & Albin at Concord, and upon the close of the spring term

of 1874 at Canaan, he established himself in the office for the completion of his legal course. While pursuing his studies here, he was engaged to some extent in newspaper work, and became the regular New Hampshire correspondent of the Boston Post. He also served for two years as clerk of the Concord police court, and taught for two terms in the Concord schools. He was admitted to the bar at the October term for 1876, at Concord, and immediately commenced practice in the office where he had pursued his studies, as a partner of W. T. Norris, Esq., of Danbury, who had previously become a member of the firm, in place of Mr. Albin, the firm of Page & Norris then being dissolved. The firm of W. T. and H. F. Norris continues, and enjoys a liberal share of patronage, especially in criminal practice. The firm were engaged in the defence of the notorious La Page, and also of Johnson, the Bristol wife murderer.

Mr. Norris comes of Democratic stock, and has from boyhood been strongly attached to the principles of the Democratic party, for whose success he has earnestly labored. He has been a delegate to the Democratic state convention from his native town, where he has always maintained his voting residence, nearly every year since attaining his majority, and has taken an active part in the deliberations of that body. He was also for two years previous to October last, secretary of the Democratic state committee, and did efficient work in the conduct of political campaigns.

In 1877, Mr. Norris was chosen a member of the legislature from Epping, and during the session of that year took an active and prominent part not only in the debates upon the floor, but in the work of the Judiciary Committee, of which he was a member. Re-elected to the house in 1878, he was honored by the Democratic members with a unanimous nomination for the speakership, a position which he was eminently qualified to fill had the strength of his party been adequate to his election. During the protracted session of last summer, which tested severely the capacity of various members on each side of the house for leadership, debate and general legislative work, he won a high reputation in all these capacities. With large mental resources and perfect self-control, never taken by surprise by any device of his opponents, he proved himself equal to all emergencies, gaining in the various contests which occurred, the fullest confidence of his own party as an able and fearless leader, and of the opposition as an honorable though uncompromising foe.

He was the youngest member of the Judiciary Committee in the house, and the youngest man who has served upon that committee for many years. As a ready debater he had few equals, and no superiors in the house. His manner as a speaker is easy and pleasing. He states his positions plainly and forcibly, and draws his conclusions in a clear and logical manner.

The Manchester Mirror, in reviewing the history and personnel of the last legislature, alluded to Mr. Norris in the following terms: "No Democrat in the house has grown so much in popular estimation this session as he, and he is altogether the worst customer the majority have to deal with. He has improved much as a parliamentarian and a speaker, and there are not many men on either side who can match him in either capacity. His strongest point is his ability to use all his powers at a moment's notice, and to adapt himself to the demands of the occasion."

The Independent Statesman also paid him the following handsome compliment: "Herbert F. Norris, 'the Young War Eagle from Epping,' and the parliamentary leader of the minority did full justice to the confidence reposed in him by his party associates. Alert and ready, he gave the majority a good deal of trouble and the Speaker no end of perplexity. * * * Cool of manner, moderate of speech and persistent in purpose, he could not be easily disconcerted or put down."

Mr. Norris is the youngest man who has received a nomination for congress from either party in this state, since the

time of Franklin Pierce, being now under thirty years of age. He was united in marriage in May last, with Miss Belle E. Mower, daughter of L. L. Mower, Esq., clerk of the common council of the city of Concord.

As a member of the Rockingham county delegation the past two years, Mr. Norris has actively participated in the consideration of county affairs, and was appointed one of the county Auditors each year by the delegation.

At the Democratic Congressional Convention for the First Congressional District, at Rochester, on the first of October last, Mr. Norris was nominated with remarkable unanimity upon the first formal ballot, as the candidate of his party for Representative in Congress, receiving 194 votes, against 28 for Lafayette Chesley, 17 for Thomas J. Smith, and 8 for Thomas J. Whipple, and this without any effort upon his part to secure the nomination. He accepted the candidacy, and immediately entered upon an active canvass, addressing the people upon the issues of the day in various sections of the district, and making a gallant contest, although little hope of the success of his party in the district was entertained from the start.

VARIATIONS.

LAURA GARLAND CARR.

We turn dame Nature's plans about
To suit our wayward fancies.
When driving storms and winds are out,
And frost views meet our glances;
The fruits and berries that grew bright
In pleasant sun and showers,
Bring summer flavors to delight
The dreary winter hours.

By a few tricks of light and heat
The floral seasons vary.
And wax-like May buds open sweet
In snow-bound January.
The cold grows fierce. In many a farm
The icy evils gather;—
In vine-decked rooms, by firesides warm,
We laugh at winter weather.

O, happy they who can defy
Years as we do the season!
Who keep youth's buoyant spirits by
To blend with age's reason.
Though hair grows white, and face and form
Show Time's defacing finger,
He cannot chill the heart-beats warm,
Where youthful fancies linger.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE CONCORD PRESS.

BY ASA McFARLAND.

The first weekly newspaper published in Concord, made its appearance January 6, 1790. It was issued by Mr. George Hough, a native of Bozrah, Conn, who came to Concord from Windsor, Vt., where he had published the Vermont Journal. The four pages of the Herald were each nine by fourteen inches, and bore the marks of care and correct taste. Within a year or two the paper was enlarged and appeared as the "Courier of New Hampshire."

I have derived great satisfaction in examining such files of "Hough's Concord Herald" and his "Courier of New Hampshire" as came in my way; and am of opinion that if those files were now submitted to a discriminating committee of printers, they who composed it would be surprised, that with his scanty materials and the rude hand press of those days, Mr. Hough contrived to bring out a sheet, which, for typographical correctness, methodical arrangement, and general good taste, would come off victor in a competitive examination with many journals of the present day.

I knew George Hough in my boyhood days—he being a frequent and ever-welcome guest in my father's house, and a favorite whithersoever he went. He permitted his "moderation to be known of all men," and I can never forget the care with which he always prepared and the deliberation with which he ate an apple, when that was the fruit passed around, or how systematically he punctuated his path, as he walked from his dwelling, now the abode of Dr. Russell, to his office. I was several months in his office, supplying the place of Moses G. Atwood, Esq., who died some years ago in Alton, Ill., and, in common with all who were ever in his service, bear testimony to his uniform kindness. As was apt to be the case with printers of papers at that time, he had not much aptitude with his pen, except to write a very round, legible and faultless hand. He had passed through no training that prepared him to perform literary labor, even for the columns of a village journal. He wrote, however, with grammatical accuracy, but had very little mental vigor, and it may be doubted if he could have written a pungent paragraph, however favorable the opportunity, or whatever his provocation. But his correct mechanical taste and natural good sense were auxiliaries which enabled him to produce a weekly paper that was by no means so far behind those of Boston as Concord was less than the commercial metropolis of New England. He had such appreciation of the necessities of readers that he was careful to select, from the meagre supplies at his command, an amount of foreign and domestic occurrences fully equal to the capacity of his columns, and to issue his supplies with as much promptitude and completeness as was practicable at a period in our history when the transportation of mails was irregular, the arrival of ships still more so, and village journals were diminutive sheets. I have many times taken notice, in files of Hough's "Courier of New Hampshire," of its foreign news feature, and been entertained by perusal of its columns long after the events there recorded ceased to disturb and interest mankind. The celebrated speech of Maximilian Robespierre, delivered in the national convention of France, July 26, 1794, three days only before its author ascended the scaffold, is to be found in the Courier,—a proof that Mr. Hough was desirous of doing all in his power to supply readers with the momentous transactions of that period.

Mr. Hough was not without a competitor, even in this circumscribed newspawer field. "The Mirror," by Elijah Russell, was issued several years at the north end of Main street. It never, I think, equaled Hough's Herald, or his Courier of New Hampshire. Such numbers as I have seen lacked evidence of the good sense and correct taste perceptible in sheets of which Mr. Hough had the supervision.

Many of the inland journals of that period partook of scrap-book character. Riddles, acrostics, *bon mots*, anecdotes, bad verses, weak communications, and wretched "hits" at one another by rival local politicians, constituted the average bill of fare of "The Mirror" and its north-end successor "The Star." Neither in the Mirror, the Star, nor the Courier was such a production ever found as what has been known as "a leader:" an article occupying a conspicuous position, and treating some topic of timely popular concern with vigor and ability, and at sufficient length to set it forth in a proper manner. If articles of that character, since so common in the journals of New Hampshire, had appeared in those published in the closing years of the last century, or early ones of this, the people would have believed that indeed "a Daniel had come to judgment." The town would certainly have been stirred, and the author, if discovered, been regarded as a miracle of literary power. The "leaders" of journals here spoken of were apt to be the record of a marriage, the weight of an overgrown beet or calf, or such a paragraph as this, in Hough's Herald, December 7, 1790: "No Boston post arrived; all news, we believe, is frozen up by the cold weather. We have not even a report with which we can serve up a paragraph for our hungry customers."

I am not in possession of the means by which to trace the rise, progress and fall of the several papers which bore the Concord imprint from 1790 to 1809, but it is certain that the life of each was a constant but unavailing struggle against circumstances, the discouraging nature of which can, even at this distant day, be readily appreciated. The people had not become accustomed to the expenditure of money for the gratification of literary taste; indeed, many mechanics, traders and farmers were often at their wit's end to obtain money with which to pay their taxes and provide for more imperatively necessary articles than books and papers. Inter-communication, also, was slow and uncertain. Partisan politics had not become permeated by enduring heat, and only few men, not the mass as now, had formed the habit of diligently following up current political events. Within my recollection all the papers received in a week in Concord from abroad could be placed in the crown of a stove-pipe hat of the present day, and the garment worn without much discomfort, while town subscribers of the local press did not probably number an hundred and fifty.

But the papers of that period were equal to the encouragement they received. Greater expenditure in their behalf would not have materially augmented their income, and I have no hesitation in saying that Hough's "Courier of New Hampshire" was as fully up to those times, and as completely answered the requirements of the people, as journals of the present day.

In 1806, William Hoit and Jesse C. Tuttle commenced a paper bearing the title "Concord Gazette," of which more will be found in a succeeding portion of this essay. How long the firm of Hoit & Tuttle existed, I cannot say, but in October, 1808, the senior member was encouraged to embark in a second enterprise, and commenced the publication of "The American Patriot." Its projectors were influential men, then bearing the partisan name of Republicans, afterward assuming that of Democratic Republicans, and, later still, Democrats. I knew Mr. Hoit well, for he here labored in his profession, I think, nearly fifty years, and I obtained some particulars regarding the establishment of the "American Patriot," which, but for him, would

have passed into oblivion. The Patriot was commenced in a small one-story building, standing where is now the dwelling of the family of the late J. Stephens Abbott, Esq. Mr. Hoit had within him a humorous vein, and his narrative of circumstances attending the birth of the Patriot was of an amusing character. The plan, he informed me, was that the literary labor upon the Patriot should be performed by an "Association of Gentlemen." Several of this class assembled in the office the night preceding the appearance of the first number, and remained until morning, to the discomfort of Hoit and his workmen. Of the number was Phillip Carrigan, author of the map of New Hampshire, which bears his name. The occasion became of very hilarious character, and would undoubtedly have been more so had the "Association of Gentlemen" been capable of penetrating the future, and discerning the long period which the paper then about to appear would endure. But, according to the narrative to us, some members of the association became so full of good drink that they fell asleep, and so remained through the night.

The commencement of the "American Patriot" was attended by circumstances of no more favorable character than accompanied preceding attempts, except that Concord had been chosen in which to permanently hold the sessions of the legislature. In all probability the Patriot, after brief existence, would have gone into the same grave as its predecessors, but for the fortunate circumstance that it came into the custody of a gentleman of the ability, industry and tact necessary not merely to rescue it from the fate of other village journals here, but to make it a power in New Hampshire. This person was the late Hon. Isaac Hill, who in his day acquired a reputation as a political writer and journalist second to that of no other newspaper conductor. He came to Concord soon after the expiration of his apprenticeship with Joseph Cushing, proprietor and publisher of the "Amherst Cabinet." The "American Patriot" had been six months in existence. The first number printed by Mr. Hill is dated April 18, 1809, and thenceforward the people of New Hampshire came within an influence they had only imperfectly realized—the power of the press to mold and guide popular opinion. Mr. Hill was a man of decided convictions and untiring industry, wrote with great facility and vigor, and possessed that electric force by which a writer upon political affairs imparts to others the convictions and zeal possessed by himself. Under his guiding hand the success of the Patriot was certain. It soon became a successful journal, attaining a wide and constantly increasing circulation; greater than that of any preceding or contemporary journal in New Hampshire. A circumstance which accelerated its growth was that difficulty with England which culminated in what is known as the war of 1812-15. That the Patriot, in the hands of Mr. Hill, would have become permanent, even in years of profound calm, there is no reason to doubt: but it is equally certain that its growth would have been less rapid, because of the natural sluggishness of mankind until moved by exciting causes; the disinclination of the people, during the first twenty years of the period here in review, to expend money for the gratification of literary taste, and the limited amount of money in circulation.

The only competitor of the "New Hampshire Patriot," from its commencement until the year 1823, was the "Concord Gazette" of which mention has just been made; Hoit & Tuttle proprietors and publishers. The scanty materials employed in printing the Gazette were purchased of Dudley Leavitt, the celebrated almanac author, and were brought hither from Gilmanton Corner in a two-horse wagon. They had been used for printing one number of the almanac, and a village paper. The circumstance that only two horses were required to transport two men and the materials with which a weekly paper was equipped, sixty-five years ago, is of sufficiently suggestive

character, without any elaboration, to prove the slender resources and the equally moderate requirements of the people of that generation upon the craft.

The "Concord Gazette" was commenced with the advice and under promise of material aid from gentlemen of the Federal party in Concord and vicinity. Its various publishers were Hoit & Tuttle, Tuttle alone, and Joseph and William Spear. Excepting a brief period when the paper was in charge of the late Hon. John Kelley of Exeter, it really had no reliable hand at the helm. But through the force of external circumstances the Gazette had a good circulation during several years; but when the war was over, and the political excitement it caused had subsided, the Gazette languished, and languishing expired, in 1818—in the twelfth year of its age. I remember the paper well as it appeared through those years of its life that succeeded 1812. It had, for a vignette, a wretched imitation of the eagle, a "counterfeit presentment" of the emblem bird, so badly engraven that its groundwork was black as ink. This caused the Patriot to adopt the practice of speaking of the Gazette as the "crow paper." But the party whose views it espoused had no other journal in central and northern New Hampshire, and they were subjected to "Hobson's choice"—the Gazette or nothing. William Hoit and Jesse C. Tuttle were the only publishers of the Gazette whom I knew, and only them because they ended their days in Concord, within the recollection of some men now in our midst; each living many years after the Gazette ceased to be. Mr. Hoit was a native of Concord, but when a lad went hence with his father's family to Wentworth. He served five years as an apprentice to the printing business in Peacham, Vt., which town he left on becoming of age, and entered into the service of Mr. Hough, in Concord. His was almost wholly a printing-office education, but he became a good scholar in the English language, and was the most correct compositor whose proofs I ever read. He rarely omitted or duplicated a word: but his surprise one day amounted to consternation—a day, too, in the evening of which the Statesman went to press—when the discovery was made that he had left an "out" of somewhat colossal proportions: being all the toasts or sentiments at a celebration of American Independence in Plymouth, written in the close chirography of the late N. P. Rogers, Esq. His general information was far above that of his associate, Mr. Tuttle, and the anecdote is not fictitious that a dispute arose between Hoit and Tuttle in regard to capitalizing a certain word found in the foreign news then being put in type. The sentence was as follows: "The army of Bonaparte is in jeopardy." Mr. Tuttle maintained that *jeopardy* was a place in Europe, and therefore should commence with a capital letter, while his associate took the negative of the question. Hon. Thomas W. Thompson being in the office, or passing in the street, was chosen arbiter, and of course decided for Mr. Hoit. Mr. Tuttle was a native of Goffstown, and became an apprentice to Mr. Hough. He was a worthy man, but without aptitude for the successful pursuit of his chosen calling. He did not remain long in the printing business after the discontinuance of the Gazette, in 1818, but became otherwise employed; finally becoming the lessee of a grist mill, now known as Brown's, in Bow.

During the interval between the disappearance of the "Concord Gazette" and the commencement of the "New Hampshire Statesman"—1818 to 1823—a sectarian paper, known as the "New Hampshire Observer," made its appearance. Its establishment was encouraged by Congregational clergymen and laymen. George Hough was printer and publisher; but, as seems often to have been the case in newspaper undertakings of that and a preceding period, no arrangement of reliable nature was made for regular literary assistance. The scheme for an "Association of Gentlemen" was as much the plan as there was one at the

start. Samuel Fletcher, then a young Concord lawyer, was to furnish "leaders," Mr. Hough to make selections, and various clergymen were to furnish articles upon such topics as came to mind. My father, being the only Congregational clergyman within six miles of the Observer establishment, was of course expected to perform regular and gratuitous service in its behalf. But Mr. Fletcher undoubtedly soon found that he could not prosper with two irons in the fire, as my father did, that he had parish work enough to occupy his time, while the out-of-town clergymen gradually ceased to make contributions. The result was that good Mr. Hough was not long in ascertaining—as others had before him—that an "Association of Gentlemen" is not a newspaper support of reliable character. The "Observer" was commenced January, 1819, and Mr. Hough contrived to sustain it until the autumn of 1822, when it was sold to Mr. John W. Shepard, a gentleman several years in trade at Gilmanton, his native place. He commenced with an office of his own, in a chamber over the old corner store, where the Masonic Temple now stands. Thence the office was transferred to a building which stood opposite the State House yard, now placed back of the bakery of Mr. Bradbury, and occupied by Mr. Daniel A. Hill, for the repair of household furniture. Mr. Shepard made a change which was no improvement, as many did before and have since. He dropped the word "Observer" and thenceforth the paper was known as the "New Hampshire Repository." It had a life of trial and vicissitude, the stages of which it is unnecessary to trace. It is sufficient to say that in the course of its existence it took a journey to Portsmouth, and was published for a time by Messrs. Miller & Brewster, and even another to Portland, but eventually returned to the place of its birth. It was known through many of its last years as the "Congregational Journal," which title it bore at the time its subscription list was purchased of B. W. Sanborn, Esq., by the proprietors of "The Congregationalist." The life of the paper embraced a period of forty-four years, and during its last years there was no lack of ability in its columns; Rev. Henry Wood and Rev. Benjamin P. Stone having, separately, had charge of it. It was published seventeen years by Mr. Sanborn; but it having ceased to be self-sustaining, that gentleman sold the subscription list, as stated above.

There were jealousies between North-End Democrats and their down-town political brethren so long ago as fifty years. They at the North-End regarded those beneath the shadow of of the State House as desirous of giving law to the Democratic party. The last-named men were spoken of as "Parliament-corner politicians;" a term which included Isaac Hill, William Low, Joseph Low, Richard Bartlett, Jacob B. Moore, and a few other active and influential men south of the present City Hall. Those North-End gentlemen of the same party who were becoming, if not alienated from, at least jealous of their down-town brethren, and who immediately or more remotely partook of this feeling, were John George, Robert Davis, Samuel Coffin, Abiel Walker, Francis N. Fiske, Charles Walker, Samuel Sparhawk, and other less conspicuous men. There were also Democrats in other portions of New Hampshire who had become jealous of the "Parliament corner" leaders, and this at first slight misunderstanding, or disaffection, culminated in the commencement of the journal known as the "New Hampshire Statesman," January 6, 1823; a paper that is one of the very few which, growing out of a mere feud among local politicians, became a permanent establishment. Luther Roby, then in business at Amherst, moved to Concord, and became printer and publisher of the Statesman, and Amos A. Parker, then in the practice of law at Epping, was engaged to conduct it.

To revert to the preceding year: In June, 1822, Hon. Samuel Dinsmoor, senior, of Keene, was nominated for governor by the Democrats (or Repub-

licans as they were then styled), in the legislature of that year; candidates for governor and for congress being then nominated in June by members of the lesislature. In the following winter Hon. Levi Woodbury of Portsmouth, then one of the Justices of the Superior court, was nominated for governor by an irregularly constituted assemblage of people in attendance upon a term of court in session at Portsmouth. The Patriot sustained the nomination of the legislative convention, and came out in strong rebuke of this procedure at Portsmouth, which really was an open revolt, by so many Democrats as participated in the nomination of Judge Woodbury, against the regular nomination of the party the preceding June. But the Portsmouth transaction was countenanced, if not shaped, by the Plumers of Epping, Judge Butler of Deerfield, the North-End Democrats in Concord, and other equally conspicuous and influential politicians in various parts of the state. Although the Federal party had been disbanded, yet thousands who were members of it naturally sympathized with any procedure in conflict with the Patriot, and, with nearly one accord, went into the support of Judge Woodbury, who was chosen over Gen. Dinsmoor by 4026 majority.

The Statesman of course advocated the election of Judge Woodbury: indeed, I have supposed that when it was commenced it was undersotod that a rebellion was on foot against the nominee of the June convention. But the triumph of the North-End gentlemen was transitory, for one of the first important appointments by Governor Woodbury was that of Hon. Richard H. Ayer of Hooksett, to be sheriff of the newly formed county of Merrimack. This was a suitable selection—fitness being the standard—but one which created disappointment; indeed, displeasure throughout the ranks of those by whose votes Judge Woodbury was made governor. Mr. Ayer was brother-in-law of Mr. Hill, and exerted all his power to thwart the election of Gov. Woodbury, who, in fact, by this and other procedures, turned his back upon his supporters, and distinctly indicated to them that he should henceforth seek promotion in another quarter. He was governor only one year.

The generous promise of material aid to Mr. Roby, if he would commence the Statesman, having failed of fulfillment, and the chief motive for setting it on foot having been thwarted, at least for the time, and the zeal of its godfathers having become indifferent to its fate, the paper commenced to languish, and would have ceased to be, but for an arrangement of which I proceed to make mention, finding it necessary to retrace my steps, and speak of another journal, which came into existence a year and four months after the birth of the Statesman.

In May, 1824, the good George Hough being still alive, though far advanced in years, and without much worldly substance, was induced by his fast friends to commence a paper, which bore the name of "Concord Register." The promises to Mr. Hough were made good at the start, and he was furnished with such means that he brought out a paper surpassed in typographical appearance by no other in the state. It was of large dimensions for those times, printed with new materials, and arranged with the good taste and care for which Mr. Hough was distinguished. The Register was, in truth, a very comely publication, filled with useful and entertaining matter, and in its editorial columns there was no lack of ability. These columns were nominally filled by George Kimball, Esq., who had read law, but was for a time teacher in the public schools here. He was a native of New Hampshire, but had been a resident of the island of Bermuda, where he married a lady who was said to be the owner of several slaves. As the Patriot disposed of the Concord Gazettee by styling it "the crow paper," so it put Mr. Kimball, of the Concord Register, in a disadvantageous position by uniformly alluding to him as "the Bermuda man." Mr. Kimball was a gentleman of intelligence; a pleasant

companion, of amiable disposition, good at telling a story or relating an anecdote, and a writer of fair ability. But he had, like other men, his infirmities. He was exceedingly indolent, a great snuff taker, and fond of exhilarating and intoxicating liquors; and it often came to pass that when publication day was at hand there was a lack of supplies for the editorial columns. Then he was wont to resort to George Kent, Esq., whose pen had been all along the chief instrument by which the Register was making its way in popular regard.

But without dwelling farther upon this portion of the topic, I proceed to say that in September, 1826, the "New Hampshire Statesman" and the "Concord Register" were united, the full title of each being retained. The Statesman abandoned its North-End quarters, in a building that was the abode of the late Dr. Ezra Carter, and came down to the office of Mr. Hough, situated upon ground now occupied by Phenix Block. The united paper was, however, not long printed by Mr. Hough, who had passed his seventy-fifth year; for about the time of the consolidation here spoken of, Mr. Thomas G. Wells, who had been publishing a paper entitled the "Amherst Herald," the subscription list of which, with the printing materials, were brought to Concord,—Mr. Wells having purchased an interest in the Statesman and Register. But being desirous of trying his fortune in a new and distant field, Mr. Wells sold his interest in the paper to Moses G. Atwood and Asa McFarland, February, 1826, and within a few months sailed for Valpraiso.

It here comes in order to speak of the rise of another paper. In 1826, John Quincy Adams being president of the United States by a congressional, not popular, election, and a strictly minority president, it was very obvious that his re-election would be sharply contested, and that Gen. Andrew Jackson—his most formidable competitor in the election of 1824—would be brought forward again in 1828. It was also apparent, as early as 1826, that although Mr. Adams was the choice of New England, and a favorite of a large portion of the Democratic Republicans of New Hampshire, the Patriot, nevertheless, which had in 1824 sustained Wm. H. Crawford of Georgia, would support Gen. Jackson in 1828. Among the Democratic supporters of Mr. Adams was a host of influential men, found in every portion of New Hampshire. To name a few of those in Concord is to indicate the character and position of Mr. Adams' supporters in this state. Jacob B. Moore was one of these. He was associated with Mr. Hill in the Patriot up to the year 1822. Richard Bartlett, secretary of state; Joseph Low, adjutant and inspector general; Samuel Sparhawk, cashier of the "Upper Bank," so called, in distinction from the Lower Bank; Gen. Robert Davis; and others, less prominent, but equally active politicians. The Statesman and Register was sustaining Mr. Adams, but that journal being regarded by the Adams Democrats as the representative of what remained of the Federal party, and in the interests of such men as William A. Kent, Stephen Ambrose, Abel Hutchins, Wm. Kent, Richard Bradley, Robert Ambrose, Benjamin Gale, Charles and George Hutchins, and other well-known men of Concord and elsewhere in New Hampshire, a new paper was, by the Democratic wing of the Adams party, regarded as necesssary. This desire came to maturity, and in September, 1826, Jacob B. Moore, then carrying on the business of bookseller and printer, commenced "The New Hampshire Journal." The first number contained an account of the frightful and melancholy occurrence in the Notch of the White Hills, August 26, known as the destruction of the Willey family. This narrative was from the pen of Mr. Moore, who, with Richard Bartlett, were upon an excursion to the mountains at the time of the awful deluge which fell upon those hills and valleys, and themselves narrowly escaped being swept into a swollen and raging torrent.

Mr. Moore was a gentleman of un-

tiring industry, much ability as a writer, good executive capacity, well read in political history and general literature, and an enterprising man of business; pushing with all his might such undertakings as he projected. Through the force of his own pen and that of others whom he enlisted in his service, and a thorough canvass of the state for subscribers, the Journal, early in 1828, had more than four thousand subscribers; a great circulation for that period, when every inland paper was printed upon a hand-press. Having just before—February, 1828—embarked in the Statesman, and being young and timid, I was fearful that our establishment would be wrecked and my investment of five hundred dollars go to the bottom. But when the presidential election of 1828 had become a receding incident in public affairs, and the heat of the fiery campaign was succeeded by comparatively calm weather, the Journal rapidly lessened in circulation. Mr. Moore, becoming weary of journalism, transferred the establishment to Richard Bartlett, who, as secretary of state, had been superseded by Col. D. S. Palmer, his deputy in the office. Mr. Bartlett was pronounced one of that description of men who can do better writing for others than themselves. He had performed yeoman service while the Journal was in possession of Mr. Moore, but, when in his own custody, ruined his articles by putting too fine a point upon them. The paper continued to decline—which it probably would into whose possession soever it had fallen; and my fear, in 1827, that the Statesman would be irreparably damaged by its vigorous competitor, then sweeping all before it, not only proved groundless, but entirely the reverse, for in May, 1830, the Journal was united with the Statesman, and the consolidated paper took the title, "New Hampshire Statesman and State Journal." Except for this arrangement,—perfected by leading men to save the feelings and property of Mr. Bartlett,—The Journal must have been discontinued for want of support.

THE AFFECTIONS.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

My friend, it does not seem that there should be
  Comparisons 'twixt bond and bond:—I think
Each plummet in the heart doth deeply sink,
  Each tie holy in its own degree,
  And truth, like air, is full as it is free.
Why need we fear, as, leaning o'er the brink
Of our own being, we yet long to drink
  In larger draughts of God's equality,
  Of kindly care for all; we can but see
That He hath planned so infinitely well
  For every human heart, for you and me,
That in the rapturous gladness that will swell
  The sweet, sweet future's music there will be
Not one tone missing from the perfect spell.

DECISIONS OF CHIEF JUSTICE SMITH.

[SMITH'S DECISIONS. Reports of the cases decided in the superior and supreme judicial courts of New Hampshire from 1802 to 1816, with opinions in the circuit and district courts of New Hampshire, with extracts from the treatise on probate law, &c., by Chief Justice Smith. Selected, edited and annotated by his son, Ex-Judge Jeremiah Smith. Boston: Published by Little, Brown & Co. From the press of John Wilson & Son, 1879.]

This volume is a mirror of the law of "the olden time," in its best estate. Chief Justice Smith was the pioneer in the field of jurisprudence in New England as Kent was in New York.

Kent at thirty-four, in February, 1798, became *puisne* Judge of the supreme court of New York, and at forty-two, in July, 1806, its chief justice.

Parsons at fifty-six, in July, 1806, was made chief justice of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts.

Smith, after serving four terms in congress, and as judge of probate in the county of Rockingham, was at forty-one, on Feb. 20, 1801, made Judge of the circuit court of the United States for the district of New Hampshire; and on May 17, 1802, chief justice of the highest court in this state. He held this position until 1809, when he was over-persuaded by certain of his political friends, among whom was Daniel Webster, to abandon it for that of governor, because the supposed interests of the federal party required the nomination of its most available candidate.

On July 12, 1813, he again became chief justice, and held that place until June 29, 1816, when he was swept from it by the political revolution of that year.

Prior to the appointment of Judge Smith in 1802, the law in this state as a science had no existence. For this there are two principal reasons:

1. Under the proprietary government of Mason, we had no law of our own, either statute or common. As late as 1660, Mason claimed that New Hampshire and Maine were governed by the law of the mother country. Portsmouth, Dover, Exeter and Hampton were little principalities, and did substantially as they pleased. The province as such had no existence before the union with Massachusetts, in 1641, nor until after the forced separation in 1679.

The first code of laws enacted in this province in 1679-1680 was in substance a re-enactment of the Mosaic code, was sent to the mother country for royal sanction, and was disallowed by the Privy Council as many others afterwards were.

During the reign of James II. the laws were silent. A trinity of pro-consuls ruled and robbed the people. In 1692, seventy years after the settlement, we were entirely destitute of what is called *written* law. Many statutes were enacted after this time which never received the sanction of the king and council.

No laws were published until 1716, when an edition of sixty pages folio was published in Boston. In 1718, seventy-two pages were added, and in 1719, twenty-four pages more. After this, and before 1728, sixteen pages more were added, making in all a volume of one hundred and seventy-two pages. There was no printing press in this province till 1756. An edition of the statutes was published here in 1760, but discarded as not authentic, and a new and carefully printed edition was published in 1771. After the revolution, the statutes were printed in folio till 1789, when an octavo edition, containing the public and some of the private laws, was published by order of the legislature. The dissatisfaction of the public compelled the publication of a new and revised edition in 1792, which was followed by the edition of

1797, and afterwards by the more copious one of 1805.

The statute law when Judge Smith came to the bench was in a crude, chaotic, and unsatisfactory condition, and the common law far worse.

2. With notable exceptions, like the Livermores, which prove the rule, the bench was filled with broken-down ministers, lumbermen, bankrupt traders and cheap lawyers. From two to four of these judges as the quorum varied, attended each trial term, if they did not, as sometimes happened, forget the time; and not unfrequently they all charged the jury in the same cause, differing oftentimes as much as the opposing counsel. Chancellor Kent told the rest in describing the condition of things when he came to the bench in New York. "When I came to the bench," says the Chancellor, "there were no reports or state precedents. The opinions from the bench were delivered *ore tenus*. We had no law of our own, and nobody knew what it was. I first introduced a thorough examination of cases and written opinions."

Smith was a strong man. It needed some iron hand to purge the Augean stable and he came. He was one of the best representatives of that industrious, tough, enduring, Scotch-Irish stock, who regarded it as recreation to work or fight from dawn till set of sun, and then to spend half the night in jest, and song, and story. At forty, Smith was a profound lawyer. He had absorbed the history of New England, and especially of this province and state, as a sponge does water. At this time he was the greatest master of probate law in New England. No one since has equalled him; and no one in this state has approached him except the late Charles H. Atherton. He prepared two large manuscript volumes on the subject. It cost a vast amount of time and labor and was an able work of great value. It was the reservoir from which Webster, Chief Justice Richardson, and others hardly less eminent, continually drew. Notwithstanding he was a busy man of affairs, he was top-heavy with law learning when he came to the bench, and when he retired at the age of fifty-six, he had accomplished more than ought to be expected of those at seventy-five, who now stand in the fore-front of the profession with the aid of all the modern appliances. How he did it, heaven only knows!

Upon coming to the bench Judge Smith promptly introduced the practice of allowing a single judge to direct the course of trials, at the trial terms of reserving cases and questions for the consideration of the whole court, and of preparing written opinions.

This brought order out of chaos, but the labor was immense. Besides that expended on the great work of his life, the treatise on probate law, he presided at the trial terms, examined the cases, and prepared the written opinions in all cases heard *in banc* numbering from sixty to seventy yearly, and making fourteen manuscript volumes with a manuscript digest.

Partisan madness prevented the publication of these opinions when that publication was demanded by every rational consideration of the public interest. Had they been published when they ought, thousands and tens of thousands of the money of individuals and the public would have been saved, for a very large proportion of the questions heard before Judge Smith have since been litigated at great expense.

The volume before us is mainly a selection from the cases and the treatise referred to. We fear that the editor from an excess of caution, and from considerations which would naturally influence a son, has given us less than he ought.

The cases reported are in the main, valuable. *First*, because they involve important questions of constitutional and municipal law, taxation, the construction of statutes relating to deeds and other instruments, the rights, powers and duties of judges of probate, sheriffs and receiptors. They contain a very able discussion of the great questions of religious toleration, the right to tax clergymen, and the history of proprie-

taries and town corporations not to be found elsewhere in so compact a form. *Secondly*, the principles underlying these decisions have been frequently considered in a variety of forms by many of the American courts as well as our own. *Thirdly*, the compiler himself, late one of the ablest and clearest headed members of our supreme court, has, by the notes which he has appended to these cases, given the profession in a compact form a concordance of the decisions here and elsewhere, wherever the same or similar questions have been considered. These notes show great care and are exceedingly valuable.

We note the following as cases of interest: Muzzy *v.* the Assessors of Amherst, N. H., 1-38.

This was the pioneer decision here in favor of religious toleration. A majority of the court, Wingate, J., dissenting, held that Presbyterians and Congregationalists were not the same religious sect, &c., within the meaning of the constitution. Before Smith was appointed, the court had decided that Universalists were of the same "persuasion, sect, or denomination," as Congregationalists, and could be taxed for the support of settled ministers of the Orthodox church. This decision was affirmed in Henderson *v.* Erskine, Cheshire, Oct. term, 1802, by Judges Farrar and Livermore. Smith took no part in this decision, though he seemingly acquiesced in it as the settled law of the state. But though a Unitarian himself, when it came to the question whether the Presbyterians must pay tribute in this way to the Congregationalists he stood up stoutly for the independence of the church of Scotland, to which his kith and kin belonged.

In Kidder *v.* the Assessors of Dunstable, 155, Cheshire, April term, 1807, the case of Kelly *v.* the Selectmen of Warner is cited, but without any attempt to summarize the history of that once famous case, nor does the chief justice seem to have understood what the facts really were.

The Rev. William Kelly was born at Newbury, Massachusetts, October 30, 1744, graduated at Harvard, in 1767, and was ordained at what is now Warner, N. H., February 5, 1772, where he resided till his death, May 18, 1813. Warner, at the time of the ordination, was so thinly inhabited, that after the council had convened it was rumored among the people that there were not enough professors of religion in town to form a church, and therefore the ordination must fall through. In this emergency an old Dutch hunter, who had lately moved into town from New York, anxious to help the council out of their supposed dilemma, sent them word that rather than not have them proceed he would join the church himself, but if they could get along without him he would rather not. The council went on without his assistance. Kelly received, by way of settlement, $100, with an annual salary of £40, to be increased till it should equal £60 per annum, and twenty cords of wood. About 1792, Kelly found such inroads made upon his society as to render his support burdensome to his friends, and thereupon gave up his contract, and afterwards was repeatedly refused a dismission. Soon after this an unfriendly board of selectmen taxed his property, and collected the tax by distress. Kelly brought suit against the selectmen which the town defended, and at the May term, 1798, the court decided that the property of a settled minister of the gospel, under his own management, was exempt from taxation. On March 11, 1801, after he had won this cause, Kelly was dismissed by a council called at his own request.

Fisher *v.* Steward, 60, is a Claremont case. The court held that one who finds a swarm of bees in a tree on another's land, marks the tree, and notifies the land-owner, has no right to the honey. This case shows the strength of traditionary law. Many people believe to this day that the contrary is true because the tradition has come down to them on the stream of generations as an heir-loom.

In Melven *v.* Darling, 74, it was held that an unsatisfied judgment against a trustee in foreign attachment for the

amount of a debt secured by a mortgage, is a bar to a suit afterwards brought by the principal defendant upon the mortgage against the trustee. The *dicta* in this state upon this point have been very conflicting and it must be a wise man who knows what the law is.

Morey *v.* Orford Bridge, 91, contains a valuable discussion of the constitutional question as to whether a grant of a ferry and the like is a contract which the constitution of the United States prohibits the states from impairing. This decision was made six years before the opinion was given by Chief Justice Marshall, in Fletcher *v.* Peck. Judge Smith held that the grant of a ferry is against common right and must therefore be construed strictly. This doctrine was affirmed in the supreme court of the United States in the Charles River Bridge case, contrary to the opinions of Marshall and Story. Judge Smith also held that a ferry and a bridge, though they serve the same end, are things totally distinct in their nature; that a grant of a ferry does not prohibit persons from crossing or enabling others to cross in any other way; and that the grant of a ferry would not infringe the grant of a bridge.

In Frost *v.* Brown, 113, it was held that where a minor had contracted for his own services, and his employer had agreed to pay him therefor, his earnings could not be attached on trustee process by a creditor of his father. Ignorant of its existence, the legislature many years afterwards, re-enacted this decision.

In the case of St. John's Church at Portsmouth, 178, it was held that the exercise of corporate privileges for upwards of a century, recognition in ancient records and papers, and in acts of the legislature, were evidence of due incorporation.

In Currier *v.* Basset, 191, it was held that towns may settle disputed lines so far as respects jurisdiction.

In the case of Flanders *v.* Herbert, 205, it was held that a writ of attachment, without a declaration, is not a writ, and that no officer could justify under it.

In Doe *v.* Morrell, 255, it was held unlawful for one tenant in common of a house, to make partition with a saw.

We had before heard of an eccentric lawyer in Vermont, who summarily dissolved the firm of which he was a member, by sawing his partner's name off their common shingle.

In Cornish *v.* Kenrick, 270, the history of the origin of proprietary and town governments is summarized. An examination of the reports of the supreme court of the United States and of the states, shows that nobody outside of New England, and comparatively few within it, ever understood either.

The opinion in Boynton *v.* Emerson, 298, was the foundation of the magnificent argument of Parker Noyes which carried the court with him in the noted case of Weld *v.* Hadley, 1 N. H., 295, in which it was held that a tender of specific articles, unaccepted, vested the property in the chattels in the person making the tender.

In Hodgdon *v.* Robinson, 320, it was held that where an execution is extended upon two tracts of land, it is not necessary that the same persons should be appraisers on both tracts.

Thompson *v.* Bennet, 327, contains a masterly opinion by the chief justice that a deed attested by only one witness is inoperative. This decision was afterwards disregarded by the majority of the superior court, and from that time to this confusion has reigned. The decision in French *v.* French, 2 N. H., 234, was as bold an act of judicial usurpation as that in Taltarum's case.

The editor makes an ingenious effort to reconcile the decisions in Hastings *v.* Cutler, 24 N. H., 481, and in Barker *v.* Bean, 25 N. H., 412, and we presume would reckon Gooding *v.* Riley, 50 N. H., 400, as in harmony with Barker *v.* Bean. It would seem impossible to any one who knew the real facts to reconcile these two cases. The truth is that when Hasting *v.* Cutler and Barker *v.* Bean were decided, one judge as a rule knew little about the opinions of any other judge. The cases were divided among the judges.

Each one wrote the opinions in the cases assigned to him, and to use the pointed language of Judge Perley, "took the responsibility of it." The judges who in form decided these two cases, never looked far enough to see that they had made two antagonistic and irreconcilable decisions; and Gooding *v.* Riley has a history of its own.

In Chesterfield *v.* Hart, 350, it was held that an infant of sufficient property, was liable under the pauper statutes for the support of her grandmother.

In Porter *v.* Tarlton, 372, it was held that a sheriff who delivered attached goods to a receiptor, did so at his own risk, unless the taking of the receipt was directed or ratified by the creditor. This was undoubtedly the ancient law in this state. It has also been so held in other jurisdictions. The modern doctrine in this state that a sheriff was bound to accept a receiptor was the result of judicial legislation. Whether it was rational or not, is one thing; whether it was the law or not, another. It is obvious that a receipt is a contract. Like other contracts it should receive a rational interpretation. To meet the supposed equities of particular cases, the courts have warped such contracts, and adopted abortive views of them, and in order to support refinements without reason, and distinctions without sense, they have been compelled to invent a history which they ought to have known never existed. Not a few of these contradictory decisions, owe their existence to the fact that the judges were not aware of the decisions which had been previously made upon the same point. As illustrations, Phelps *v.* Gilchrist, 28 N. H., 266; and Sanborn *v.* Buswell, 51 N. H., 573, are in point as respects Remick *v.* Atkinson, 11 N. H., 256. In their attempts to reach justice, our court, in the matter of receipts, and the supreme court of the United States, in the bond and tax cases, have created an anomalous class of contracts and made a deformity of the law so that it now depends upon arbitrary precedents instead of legal principles.

In Bryant *v.* Ela, 396, the court held in effect, that where no personal service is had upon the defendant, the court had no jurisdiction over him for any other purpose than as affects the property attached; that such suits were proceedings *in rem*; that they were restricted in their scope to the property attached; and that the attachment was the necessary foundation for any further proceedings. This decision receives strong support from a recent decision of the supreme court of the United States, that in those states where a sale is allowed instead of an attachment, no jurisdiction can be acquired without personal service.

GOOD LUCK.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.

Good luck is only a flighty thing,
And has been from the beginning;
You may hunt for her all the world round
And yet the creature may not be found.

Throw yourself on the dewy grass,
And sing your songs to the fickle lass;
Quickly, perhaps, from out the blue skies,
She may descend to sooth your sighs.

Then you must seize and hold her close,
But do not make your complaints verbose;
Though she so long has kept you waiting,
Mayhap a new flight she is meditating.

—*Lucia Moses.*

CONGRESSIONAL PAPERS, No. 4.—ILLUSIONS DISPELLED.

BY G. H. JENNESS.

Many erroneous ideas prevail concerning congress, among those not familiar with its interior workings. The newspaper, that omnipresent vehicle of modern intelligence, fails to delineate all the peculiar phases of our American parliament. Even the Congressional Record itself, which is supposed to be an exact official record of proceedings, is also made to convey a harmless deception by its burden of long-winded speeches that were never delivered. Take a case in point. The "Record" of the forty-fifth congress, second session, contains many very able speeches upon American finance, purporting to be the extemporaneous eloquence of approval, disapproval, or indignation generated by the president's veto of the silver bill. The actual delivery of those speeches would have occupied one or more of the entire daily sessions of the house. As it was, the bill was passed in both branches of congress, and became a law in spite of the president's veto in less than four hours after it left the White House, all debate being cut off in the house by Mr. Alexander H. Stephens' demand for the previous question. "Leave to print" is the mysterious process by which this feat of parliamentary legerdemain is accomplished. The advantages of the plan are obvious. It affords time for preparation, relieves the listeners and avoids the pangs of delivery. It also conveys to the honorable member's constituents the pleasing delusion, that, in times of great public emergency, the honorable member aforesaid is at his post, flinging his eloquence into the congressional arena, and fiercely gesticulating to the admiring crowds who listen with breathless attention to his impassioned oratory. The local newspaper takes up the theme, and with the Congressional Record for a breastwork, marks out a campaign, throws up the lines of defense, and challenges the political enemy to prove that the failure to reelect the author of so much extemporaneous (?) eloquence would not be a national calamity, and perhaps imperil the very existence of the government itself.

Another safety valve for the escape of congressional eloquence when it reaches the danger line, is the Saturday session, and an occasional evening session "for debate only." At these momentous gatherings the audience upon the floor of the house numbers from three to twenty-five, the latter, in congressional parlance, being considered "a good house." The best speakers on either side never resort to this method of firing the hearts of their constituents, for it is considered a great waste of the raw material. Banks, Butler, Garfield Hale, Frye, Kelley, Cox, Blackburn, Tucker, Gibson, Clymer, and McMahon, are never found talking to empty benches and galleries, but carefully husband their resources for the "field days" that seldom come unannounced. A judicious expenditure of printer's ink generally conveys to an anxious and expectant public the intelligence that "something is up" in the house at the proper time before that "something" occurs. There are exceptions to this, as, for instance, when some unguarded "hit" brings on a running debate, in which the heavy artillery are compelled to take the field, even if not rewarded by the smiles and plaudits of "fair women and brave men" in the gallery. The few men who command the attention of the house, or the country, are alternately praised and abused by the press, and their names perpetually paraded before

the people. The "evening session" member drops into obscurity after the customary "notice" of his effort by the local newspaper, and his popularity with such of his constituents as judge congressmen by their speeches only, is measured by the number of printed copies sent into his district.

Those who estimate the work of congress by the speech-making, or the proceedings in open session, fail to do that honorable body common justice. The real work in both branches is done in the committee-rooms. Here is where the multitude of petitions are sent, papers referred, arguments offered, witnesses examined, and all the details of legislation perfected. The "sacred right of petition" is being indulged in to an extent never before known in the history of American legislation, and it adds heavily to the burdens of committees who are obliged to take cognizance of their contents. During the first five months of the forty-fifth congress, the number of petitions referred, daily, to the appropriate committees varied from one hundred to three hundred, the bulk of which went to the committee of ways and means, commerce, and invalid pensions. The humblest citizen in the obscurest hamlet in the land may petition congress for a redress of greivances, payment for services rendered, or for damages inflicted upon his barnyard fence during our "late unpleasantness," and rest assured that his petition will be as carefully introduced, referred, indexed, filed, and considered as if it were a matter of the gravest national importance. During the five months previously referred to, over five thousand bills were introduced in the house alone, nearly all of which were read and referred to committees. A few pass, under a suspension of the rules, but by far the larger portion are carefully considered in committee before being reported to the house. The house meets at noon, daily, and usually adjourns before five o'clock; but the committee-man's work, like a woman's, is *never* done. The ablest men on all the leading committees work more hours, and tax their physical endurance and mental powers to a greater degree than they would if at home in their counting-rooms or offices. The ability of the practical legislator is tested more in the committee room than upon the floor of the house, for it has been found upon many noted occasions that fine oratory and practical hard work are not closely related. Both are essential, and neither can well be dispensed with, particularly the hard work. There are many men in congress who seldom make a speech, whose names are scacely ever seen in the papers outside of their own states, who are comparative strangers to the readers of the *Record*, whose good judgment and practical sound sense has great influence in shaping legislation and enacting good laws. The daily sessions then, instead of being a true exponent of the work being done by our law-makers, are merely for the purpose of comparing notes, supplying omissions, perfecting details, or smoothing up work roughed out by the different committees. The "field days" are elaborately reported and highly colored by correspondents whose fertile imaginations are equal to any emergency; but the *business* days and weeks when no "oratory" is heard or expected, are but little noticed either in Washington or the country at large. These are the days and weeks when the clear-headed and far-seeing practical men of business lay aside all nonsense and political buncombe, and use their best judgment in devising ways and means whereby our good uncle, whose surname is Samuel, is enabled to provide for the support of his large and growing family, and to pay his honest debts. The appropriation bills are drawn with very great care and require many weeks of the severest mental labor to perfect them. To provide for the support of every branch of the government in all its details is the task allotted to the committee on appropriations. The army and navy, the consular and diplomatic, the river and harbor, the pension, the post-office, the Indian, the legislative, the deficiency, and the sundry civil are the principal appropriation bills that emanate from this

committee. Four or five of the eleven will contain from fifty to one hundred and ten printed pages each, document size, which fact is sufficient to convey the idea that a position on the appropriation committee, at least, is no sinecure. Indeed the amount of work performed by the average congressman is much greater than is popularly supposed. The work in committee, the daily attendance at the regular sessions, the calls at the departments on official business, the immense private correspondence from clamorous constituents who want a book, or a speech, or an office, all add to the cares and responsibilities of the honorable M. C. Then if his family, if he has one, is desirous of cutting a dash in "Washington society," the poor man is "toted" around to all the balls, pound-parties, lunches and "receptions" given by the notables from Lord A down to Esquire Z, and filled up with frozen cream, boiling coffee, terrapin soup, and iced champagne. He must call on all the officials, high and low, stand the "crush" at the president's reception, and furnish the female interviewer the full particulars concerning the style and cost of his wife's wardrobe.

The preparation of speeches, if he be given to speech-making, requires much care and time on the part of the congressman who aspires to renown in that direction. On all possible subjects connected with legislation the field has been thoroughly gleaned many times over. International and constitutional law, diplomacy, the tariff, internal improvements, and every conceivable subject upon which any considerable number of citizens are supposed to take the slightest interest, has been a matter of public discussion in the two houses of congress ever since their existence. It is not expected, therefore, that, upon general topics, the average member will be able to say anything remarkably new, or strikingly original. He will be fortunate indeed if somebody does not hop up and point him to the volume, page, column, and paragraph in the *Record* or *Globe*, of ten, twenty, or forty years ago, where almost his exact language may be found. This strange condition of affairs may be accounted for by the fact that upon certain specific questions of a public nature, the reference to standard works in the congressional libraries are the only reliable data upon which to build the superstructure of a speech. It is not to be wondered at, then, that hundreds of men, searching for the same facts upon the same subject, in the same books, should frequently stumble upon the same paragraph in elucidating their views. Then, again, they must rely on the knowledge and judgment of the librarian, who hunts up the "references" on a given subject. Without the librarian and his assistants, *any* man would be as helpless as a ship at sea without a rudder. The various libraries in the capitol contain a half-a-million volumes, which is a pile of books the size of which no one would form any adequate idea, who has not seen them. Amid the miles of shelving, and the hundreds of alcoves, one might hunt a year for a certain book and not be able to find it. The librarian, however, with his wonderful system of indexing, and his vast practical knowledge, gained only by years and years of experience, will soon find whatever is needed. Let a member make known his desire to find the decision of a county, state or supreme court upon any case, the opinion of any noted jurist upon any question of law, the cost of keeping a soldier in 1840, the price of army blankets in 1850, the revenue derived from the importation of quinine in 1860, the number of tons of pig-iron produced in Pennsylvania; in short, if he wants any particular information upon any given subject, the old "book worms" in the libraries can produce it for him in an incredibly short space of time. There is a man in the house library who knows it so well that he is regarded as a permanent fixture. He has been discharged once or twice on account of political changes, but soon reinstated. *They can't do without him.* He has probably contributed indirectly, more pages to the *Congressional Record*, during the last dozen years, than any man

living. He is not an M. C. and is not much seen upon the floor, but there would be some fearful gaps in a good many congressional speeches if his work were blotted out. He is one of the "book worms" of the house library, belongs to the noble family of Smiths, and, horrible to think of (to some), is an American citizen of African descent.

Under the circumstances herein alluded to, the charge of plagiarism, to which the honorable member may have laid himself liable, should be lightly treated and generously overlooked. It is well nigh impossible to get up an "original" speech in congress upon the standard legislative subjects, and the few attempts to do so are not well calculated to stimulate enterprise in that direction.

The purpose of this article is not to tear away too much of the veil that surrounds our lawgivers, but just enough to dispel some of the harmless illusions that exist in the public mind.

SUNSHINE AFTER CLOUDS.

BY HELEN M. RUSSELL.

CHAPTER I.

"You are very tired tonight, are you not, Margie? Your work has been harder than usual today, I know by your flushed cheek and heavy eyes. Oh my child! how I wish I might take a portion of your heavy burden upon myself." Mrs. Benson raised herself from the lounge where she had been reclining and gently drew her daughter to her side. It was a poor room, but neat as wax. The uncovered floor was white and clean. The few chairs and small table, and well-worn lounge were neatly dusted. The window curtain which shaded the one small window was snowy white; but over all the signs of extreme poverty cast a shadow that told of toilsome days and weary nights. Mrs. Benson was a confirmed invalid. The thin cheeks, with their hectic flush, told that death was very near her. Her large brown eyes were filled with unshed tears as she tenderly drew her daughter to her side. Margie Benson laid her head for a moment upon her mother's shoulder, with a low sigh, then she lifted it, and the dark brown eyes rested lovingly upon the face so dear to her, as she replied: "No, mother, my work has not been more tiresome than usual; but our wages have been lowered. Mr. Brown says he cannot afford to pay as much as he has been paying, and I don't know how we shall live. If I could find something else to do I would leave the mill, but that I cannot do, I suppose. If father would not drink!" This last, with a bitter sob, as the brown head sank down again to its resting place. "If father would not drink!" How many hundreds, aye thousands of poor girls have uttered that self-same cry, wrung from their inmost hearts. The shame and misery, the anxious days and fearful nights of a drunkard's family, are known only to themselves. For a moment Mrs. Benson made no reply. It was not often that Margie gave way to her feelings like this, but tonight she was so heart-sick and discouraged that she gave up to the sorrow that cast a blight upon her young life. Compelled oftimes to furnish her father with means to procure his potations, her very soul shrank from the injustice of her unnatural parent. Gently Mrs. Benson stroked the curling hair away from her daughter's flushed face ere she replied. Then she said softly: "Margie, where has your courage gone? If you lose that, what will become of us?" "Oh, my mother, forgive me. I do wrong to worry you like this." She paused for a moment, and then said: "I shall not give him any more money. I do not think he

will beat me and I do not mind his harsh words—much. After all, it is not so bad as it might be, mother," said she, trying to speak cheerfully, as she arose from her seat and bustled about to prepare her frugal supper. Twenty minutes later she assisted her mother to a seat at the table, and altho' she pressed the invalid to partake of the toast she had prepared for her, she ate but little herself. Her heart beat rapidly at every footstep near the door, for she well knew that if her father returned at all that night, he would return intoxicated, as she had herself seen him reeling into a drinking saloon when on her way home from the factory. She felt the disgrace keenly, this young girl whose thoughts and aspirations were so much above the sphere in which circumstances placed her. Her only sister, Clara, had married, two years before, a well-to-do farmer, residing in Vermont, and she had been very kind to the mother and sister in their bitter sorrows, often sending them money and cheering words, which came like rays of sunlight into the drunkard's home. Margie sat thinking sadly of their poverty, her mother's ill-health and her father's intemperance, until Mrs. Benson slowly arose from the table, then she hastily sprang forward and assisted her to a seat near the fire, and bustling about, soon had the room restored to its usual order. "Mother, had you not better retire? It is getting quite cool here and the coal is nearly gone. You will be more comfortable in bed. I will throw my shawl over my shoulders and wait up for father. I fear he will be late tonight." Mrs. Benson raised her eyes to her daughter's face and said sadly: "Yes, Margie, I will do as you wish. I cannot see him in his degredation tonight. I am not equal to it. Rest here on the lounge until he comes. If you refuse him money he will pawn this miserable furniture, and we shall have nothing. Oh, Margie, what a curse rum is. It has changed your father from a noble man to a miserable wretch, as it has done many others. What will become of you, my poor child, when I am gone?" Slowly and feebly she arose, and, leaning on her daughter, she sought her own room. "Mother seems more feeble tonight than ever before," said Margie to herself, as at length she stood alone in the little kitchen. "She will soon be out of this grief and trouble, while I must live on, doubly wretched without her dear presence. Oh, surely my lot is very hard," she moaned, as extinguishing the lamp, she drew aside the window curtain and knelt beside the window, thus beginning her long watch. Night after night she had knelt there, watching for her father, that she might be ready to open the door for him and keep him quiet if possible. Usually he was stupid and sullen and easily led, but if he was thirsting for liquor, and had no money to obtain it, he would curse and swear at his poor wife and wretched daughter until he got what little money they had, then he would leave them, and spend the money thus obtained at some of the many filthy dens which infested the city. The fire died entirely out in the little stove, and at length Margie arose shivering from the window, and wrapping a shawl around her, threw herself upon the lounge, dropping into a light slumber which lasted until the little clock on the mantel struck two. "He will not come home tonight. Doubtless he has got into the station house again. I am sorry I didn't try to induce him to come home with me, but how could I enter that vile, filthy place? And, beside, mother has strictly forbidden it, too. Oh, the shame of being a drunkard's daughter," said Margie, as she arose, and shivering with cold, stole noiselessly into her mother's room, and without disrobing lay down beside the invalid, whose regular breathing told Margie that her mother, at least, was resting peacefully, forgetting in sleep her many sorrows. Margie was up long before day, and had prepared the scanty breakfast for her mother and herself. It was snowing rapidly, the flakes falling thicker and faster as the morning deepened. At half-past six Margie stood ready to depart for her day's labor, everything that her mother

would need being placed close at hand, she at length bade her goodbye, and hastened away. After her daughter's departure, Mrs. Benson sat for a long time before the fire. Anon it began to grow light, and then she amused herself by watching the flakes of snow as they fell faster and faster upon the window ledge. The days were very long to the poor woman, especially those which found her unable to busy herself with some light needle work with which she essayed to earn a little money, much against Margie's wishes. Her thoughts this morning had somehow gone back into the past—a past that seemed like heaven when compared to the misery of the present. Could it be that she was the daughter of wealthy parents, carefully guarded from every want, idolized as only daughters often are? Ah, well! that was ended. She had chosen her own lot in life and the consequences, let them be what they would, must be borne. She knew that all trouble would soon end for her, but the thought of the dear ones she must leave behind, especially Margie, filled her already aching heart with keenest anguish. Suddenly there came a knock upon the outer door, and in answer to her low "come in," the door was thrown open, and a gentleman, well wrapped up in a heavy coat and muffler, his fur cap drawn down over his face, entered the room.

Throwing off his wet outer garments, and tossing them into one corner of the room, he turned toward Mrs. Benson, who sat watching him in surprise. "Don't you know me, Margaret?" The rich mellow tones of the gentleman's voice fell upon Mrs. Benson's ear like strains of half forgotten music, while one glance into the dark brown eyes, which looked sadly into her own, and were so strangely like her own, told her that her only brother stood before her. With a low cry of intense joy she half rose to her feet, sinking back again and holding out both hands, while the single word, "brother!" fell from her pale lips. "My sister, my poor, wronged sister!" said the gentleman, as he clasped the fragile form close to his bosom, and mingled his tears with her own. "William, my brother! Oh! it must be a dream. It cannot be true that we meet again, meet when I most need your strong arm to lean upon," she murmured, drawing away from him and gazing eagerly into the handsome face of the gentleman, who was regarding her with joy and sorrow both depicted on his noble countenance. "Thank God! I have found you at last," said he, reverently. "We will never part again until death parts us. Poor sister, that I should find you thus. What a change, Margaret! I can hardly believe my own eyes," and burying his face in his hands, he groaned aloud. Then he started up and glanced around the miserable room, strode to the little bedroom where the wretched pallet, which served as a bed for his poor sister, met his eye; then he burst forth angrily, fiercely. "And so this is what that rascal of a Tom Benson has brought you to. He was never half good enough for you in his best days. Alas! poor, stern, unyielding father was right, when he said you had better been laid away in your grave than to have become the wife of such a man. It proved to be the hovel instead of the palace, Margaret." Over the pale, thin face of the invalid the blood rushed in a crimson wave, and receding, left her paler than before, while her thoughts flew back to a scene far different from this. The large, magnificent drawing-room and all the insignia of wealth surrounding them—herself and this self-same brother, standing side by side—and in answer to the words, "Margaret, he is not good enough for you, even if he were your equal in other respects, what will you do, reared as you have been, as the wife of a man comparatively poor?" She had made answer: "I love him, William, and could be happier with him in a hovel than with any one else in a palace." Young and impulsive, she believed for the time being that she spoke the truth; experience, however, had taught her a bitter lesson. Experience is a hard teacher, but a most thorough one. I won-

der if anyone in the world ever did, or ever will live just such a life as he or she fondly hoped and expected to live. For example, one sees upon a rose-bush, a fair, perfect rose, and essays to pluck it, when lo! at a touch the leaves fall out and lay upon the ground beneath, or if perchance allowed to gather it in its beauty, there are thorns hidden from sight that were little thought of. Just so with many—I had nearly said most lives. The future seems "bright with promise," but often, too often, we find that "distance lends enchantment to the view." But to return to my story. "Not much better than a hovel, William," she said, the tears coming afresh to her eyes. "But, indeed, I never regretted my marriage until he took to drink." Forgive me, sister, I was wrong to speak as I did, but the surprise and sorrow of finding you like this must be my excuse. How many children have you?" "Two, living. My Willie died when only two years of age. I thought it hard to part with him then, but I am so glad now that he was spared this misery and his father's wretched example. Clara, my eldest daughter, is married. Margie is at work in the factory, and it is to her that I look for what few comforts I have. Ah, brother! my life is *not* much like the one I knew when I was Margaret Roden. When father disinherited me, I thought my heart would break, at first, for I missed you all so much; but you were kind to me, and my home, tho' humble, was neat and comfortable, and I had all the real necessaries of life. That was twenty years ago, brother, and for ten years, all went well. We had two lovely daughters, and when our little Willie was born, we thought our cup of happiness nearly full, especially as Tom was succeeding very well in business. When only two years old, our lovely boy was taken from us, and soon after we lost about five thousand dollars at one time, and two thousand more at another, nearly all we had. I never blamed Tom for that, but with all the trouble, he got discouraged, took to drinking, and so things have gone from bad to worse. I have lost my health, and the end for me is not far distant. And now, after all these years, why are you here?" She paused, exhausted, and leaned her head upon her clasped hands. "Let me help you to the louuge, that you may rest there while I tell you my story," said her brother, and he tenderly assisted her to the miserable apology for a lounge, and adjusted the cushion as handily as Margie could have done. Lastly he threw a comforter over the invalid, then after waiting until the violent coughing spell, which racked her poor frame, was over, he said sadly:

"Father died six months ago, and since that time mother and I have sought for you, advertised in dailies, far and near, with no success whatever. Mother was discouraged, but I would not give up. I had secretly been on the search for many long years, sister. Do not think you have been forgotten. I arrived here day before yesterday and began a search with little or no hope of success. Last night I saw a young lady enter a small grocery store, and her likeness to yourself startled me. I followed her, intending to question her, but I saw that the proprietor knew and trusted her, so I waited until after she had left the store, and then made inquiries. At first he would tell me nothing, but when I told him my reasons for inquiring, he gladly told me all I wished to now, with one exception, he did not know where you lived. He promised to ascertain as soon as possible and let me know. This morning he came to my hotel with the desired information, and I hastened hither at once." "Did my father ever forgive me?" asked Mrs. Benson, huskily. "Yes, Margaret, and wished so much to see you before he died, that he might ask your forgiveness. His death was very sudden. He had no time to alter his will, but he trusted me to give you one half of his property, and I gladly promised to do so, if I could find you. Thank God, I have succeeded." "And mother is well," asked Mrs. Benson. "Yes, Margaret."

"Have you no family, William?"

"No, sister, I have never married and probably never shall. I entered the store as clerk soon after your marriage, and for ten years have been junior partner, succeeding to the whole business at father's death. And now, Margaret, this miserable life must end. You have killed yourself for Tom Benson. I can see that, but at least you can die in peace and plenty. I shall take rooms for you where you can be quiet, and telegraph for mother at once. As soon as practicable you must be moved out of this den, Margie bids adieu to factory life at once. As for Tom, he can take care of himself. I'll have nothing to do with him," he concluded, bitterly. "William, I cannot leave him like this, indeed I cannot. After all he is my husband," murmered Mrs. Benson sadly. "Well, well, sister, when Margie comes we will see what can be done. Just be as quiet as you can while I go out for an hour or so." Tenderly William Roden bent over his sister, loved so dearly in other days, and pressing a kiss upon her wasted cheek, he turned away with tears in his eyes, and hastily replacing his coat and muffler, he hurriedly left the house. Left to herself, Mrs. Benson burst into tears of mingled joy and sorrow. For twenty long years her parents and only brother had been the same as dead to her. After her marriage, she had written letter after letter to her father, praying for forgiveness, but when she found they were of no avail, she resolutely tried to forget them all. Her mother and brother, she well knew, still loved her, but Mr. Roden, stern and unyielding, had forbidden them to see her, even going so far as to threaten to disinherit his son if his commands were not obeyed. About two years after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Benson removed to the city of M———, leaving behind them no trace of their whereabouts. Through all the long years that followed, Mrs. Benson had never heard one word concerning her relatives, and therefore her surprise was great indeed, when her brother so unexpectedly entered her home.

CHAPTER II.

"I tell you it is of no use! Go away and let me alone, William Roden!"

Tom Benson sat in his miserable home near the close of a bitter cold day, about a week after the events narrated in the preceding chapter. There was no fire in the stove, and dreary and cheerless enough seemed the drunkard's home, as Mr. Roden entered it, having been searching for the miserable man for several days. True to his promise, he had conveyed his sister to a pleasant suite of rooms in a quiet locality, and then telegraphed for his mother, who had soon arrived. Margie had seen her father and told him of the change in their lives, and begged him to see her uncle William. This he had utterly retused to do, and had managed to keep out of the gentleman's sight until the afternoon in question. But at length he had been compelled to drag his miserable body to his old home, the tenement where his wife and daughter had passed so many weary hours. Here Mr. Roden had found him, and had sought to awaken within his heart, hope that he might yet reform. It is true he had shrank from the task his sister had alloted him, for he despised the besotted wretch, and had no pity for him, until he saw him so worn out and despairing, seated before the fireless stove, his face buried in his trembling hands. He remembered him as he had seen him in other days, tall, erect and handsome, and for his sister's sake resolved to do everything in his power to help him overcome the passion for strong drink that had been his ruin.

"Tom, your wife loves you yet, and only this morning, begged me to find you and bring you to her side. She is very comfortable in her new nome, and the physicians bid us hope that she may be much better, with good care and nourishment, such as she is now receiving. Now, Tom, let me hear you say you will try and you shall have every facility in my power to bestow, to help you on your way. Only say you

will try." During his words, William Roden had kept his eyes fixed upon the poor wretch before him, and he saw that he was visibly affected, but he made no reply. Mr. Roden resumud after a few moments silence. "I will go out and get some coal for a fire, and something for you to eat, and then after you are warmed and have had a good dinner, you will feel more like talking with me. Will you promise to remain here while I am away?" At that moment the outer door opened and Margie entered the room. One week had made a great change in her appearance. The beautiful brown eyes had in a measure lost their look of sorrow, though a cloud darkened their brightness as they rested on the bowed form of her father. The sweet face, however, wore a happier look, and just the faintest of pink flushes rested in the delicate cheeks. She was dressed neatly and warmly, and her step light and elastic with new life, told how much a little comfort can do for one who has suffered the pangs of poverty and despair. Mr. Roden's eyes rested longingly upon her as she stepped forward, and pausing by her father's side, she laid one slender gloved hand upon his worn, threadbare coat and said:

"Father, have you no word for your daughter Margie? Mother wishes to see you at once, she is much better or would be if you would but go to her. Say, father, will you go?"

"I am ashamed to go, Margie, I have abused you so much that I—Oh, Margie, my child, my child!" Down upon her knees sank the young girl, and throwing her arms around her father's neck, she drew his head down until it rested upon her shoulder. Then she tenderly drew off the old battered hat, and brushed back from his forehead the matted hair, sobbing all the while. "Oh, my dear, dear father, we will forget that dreadful time, and you will be my loving father once more. Say you will go with me."

"If you think you can save me, I will go with you, but William—Margie—I am not worth the trouble," he replied, raising his head from his daughter's shoulder and brushing away the tears that had rolled down his cheeks. "Will you go at once?" said Margie, eagerly. "I cannot go to her looking like this, Margie," said her father as he looked down upon his ragged clothes and worn shoes. Mr. Roden then spoke: "I think, my dear, that he had better have a fire here, and something to eat, and then we will make a few calls before going to your mother. He wants to leave behind him every possible trace of the life he has led, and he is right. Yes, uncle William, I will soon have a fire and some nourishment for him." She left the room as she spoke, but soon returned bearing kindlings and coal, and very soon had a warm fire burning in the little stove. Then she hurried out upon the street, returning soon with oysters, crackers and tea, which she quickly prepared and placed upon the little table. Her father ate but little, but arose from the table evidently refreshed.

It was growing quite dark when the two men left the house. Margie waited only long enough to tidy up the little kitchen for the last time. When all was arranged to her satisfaction, she, too, left the house, locking the door behind her. Meeting their landlord soon after, she gave him the key, telling him he was welcome to the furniture, or anything else the rooms contained. Then she hurried on her way, feeling that she had really done with her old life and its surroundings forever. An hour later as she sat beside her mother telling her over and over again the joyful news, the door opened and Mrs. Roden entered the room. She was a lovely lady, with silver gray hair, and a sweet, sad look in the gentle blue eyes that rested so lovingly upon her daughter, as she came slowly forward. "Margaret, your husband has come and is waiting to see you. Shall I bid him come in?" "Yes, dear mother, I would see him at once." Even Margie could hardly believe that the man who soon entered the room and knelt so penitently before her mother, could be her father. His long, unkempt hair and beard had been closely trimmed, and a neat suit of

black had taken the place of the rags he had so lately worn. It was no easy task for him to conquer his appetite for strong drink. Those who witnessed the struggle never forgot it. They pitied and helped him, and Mrs. Benson lived to see her husband entirely cured. For a time they fondly hoped and believed her better, but toward spring she grew worse. It was her great desire to return to her old home, where she had passed her happy girlhood days, and the first of May they departed from M———. She bore up wonderfully and when they reached home, declared herself better than when she started, but as soon as the excitement and pleasure of reaching her loved home was over, in a measure, she began to sink, and there came a day, at last, when her weeping friends gathered around her bedside to receive her last, kind, loving words. Clara had been summoned home, and with all her friends surrounding her, Mrs. Benson breathed her last.

Margie had already become the light of her grandmother's home, and as soon as her grief at her mother's death had in a measure subsided, she began to look eagerly forward to an education, and succeeded in becoming an accomplished woman. Mr. Benson entered the large establishment of Roden & Co., as clerk, and came to be much respected by all who associated with him. Most especially was he noted for his kindness to those who were treading the downward path, he had once trod, and more than one owed their entire reform to him.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN HOPKINTON.—No. 1.

BY C. C. LORD.

DOMESTIC.

In the early days of this township, the domestic customs were copied from the olden districts of Massachusetts, and were largely in common with those of all rural New England, so far as the conditions of this primative wilderness would allow. The dwellings were at first small and incommodious, as well as built of logs. Such habitations were often if not always floorless, with seldom if ever more than one room, though they might have afforded a loft for the depositing of articles, or for other purposes. An open fire place and a chimney, and sometimes an oven, were necessary appendages of a local domestic establishment. Subsequently to the log hut followed the framed house. Framed houses were largely built upon a substantially uniform plan. A huge chimney stack, a brick oven and fire places proportioned in number to the represented competency of the owner, occupied a central position in every dwelling. The back part of the house was mostly taken up by the kitchen, which was often flanked on one side by three small apartments—a buttery, an entry and a cellar-way. The last was generally surmounted by a stair-way leading to the chamber or attic, by a door leading from the entry. A front room and an entry, the latter in front of the chimney stack, and often large enough to contain a bed, completed the accommodations of the lower floor. The chamber was generally an open space covered by the naked roof. This description, however, applies to the house of the poorer resident. Sometimes an additional joint, affording two extra rooms, a front and a back, was built to the structure; sometimes, also, the original plan allowed two, square front rooms, a front entry, and a kitchen in the rear, flanked by such accommodations as the taste of the builder

directed, but very often on one side by the buttery, entry and stairways, and on the other by a bedroom.

As the material prosperity of the early inhabitants increased, there was evinced a decided inclination to build houses with two stories. Many of the two-storied houses erected were only duplicates of the apartments of the prevailing lower edifice. The matter of size was apparently entertained as an element of importance in the construction of two-storied houses. Pride may have borne its part in this matter, since some of these large buildings were never finished completely. On the other hand, the early attractions of the newer western country left many of the provided prospective domestic accommodations unneeded.

The early framed houses in this vicinity were very strongly built. Near the top of Putney's hill stands the first parsonage in the town, said to be also the first framed house, built for the Rev. James Scales, the first minister. The ancient edifice is 36 feet and 4 inches in length, and 28 feet and 4 inches in width. Its posts are 15 feet high, and the slope of the roof is 10 feet. The corner and side posts are of solid oak, 8 inches square, with expansions at the top for the accommodation of upper timbers. The plates, of clear, solid hard pine, are 10 1-2 by 7 inches; the attic beams, of similar stuff, are 9 by 8 inches; the rafters, of oak, are 6 by 5 inches, the end ones also being braced; the oak ribs are 6 by 3 inches. The fact that $400 has been spent upon this house since its occupation by the Rev. James Scales, and it is even now unfinished, suggests some idea of the rudeness of the home of that pious gentleman. This house, like many others of its time, was located with its front to the south, thus enabling it to serve as a sun-dial. This custom of locating houses was often followed without regard to the position occupied with respect to the highway.

The ancient kitchen fireplace was the largest of all and yearly devoured immense quantities of fuel, selected and arranged as fore-stick, back-stick and superimposed material. Resting on fire-dogs or andirons, the fuel burned, while pots and kettles suspended on the crane by pot-hooks and trammels, contained the resolving culinary preparations of divers kinds. Baking was done by the assistance of the reflecting surfaces of the tin baker, or by the cruder method of burying the material to be cooked in the ashes. The brick oven was also periodically brought into requisition in the preparation of food.

The introduction of stoves* gradually brought about a revolution in domestic affairs. The work of change began about sixty or seventy years ago. The innovation was at first attended with ridicule and scorn. Necessity, however, wrought its own modified results in spite of captious opposition. Among the patterns of stoves first introduced were the James, the Morse, and the Moore. Neither of these would compare favorably with the present styles of kitchen stoves, either in economy of fuel or ease of culinary results. However, the adoption of the first stoves was an important step in the path of domestic prudence. With a continued complement of ancient fireplaces in every dwelling-house, the native supply of fuel would before this time have been practically exhausted.

In the earliest days of this settlement, the fire of the domestic hearth was renewed by the use of a flint, a steel and a supply of tinder. The introduction of the lucifer match put an end to the less convenient practice of kindling. The introduction of the ancient clock, with open works and visible pendant weights, relieved society of the necessity of locating dwelling-houses directly with respect to the cardinal points of the compass. The tall, encased clock†, now frequently seen, fol-

*Daniel Chase is said to have been the owner of the first stove ever used in this town. It was of very thick iron castings, and much heavier than an average stove of the present day.

†Many ancient clocks were made by Abel and Levi Hutchins of Concord. Sometimes the uncased works were purchased of the manufacturers and afterwards enclosed. David Young is said to have been the maker of the first clock-case constructed here. In the rooms of the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society, at Contoocook, may be seen the first complete tall clock ever brought into this town. It was made in 1733, by IONATHAN BLASDEL, and was brought to this town in 1776. by Benjamin B. Darling.

lowed, to be in its turn superseded by timepieces of still more modern construction. The kitchen ware, sometimes of wood, or of porcelain, or of pewter, exhibited features of less distinctive importance, though of different relative value when china was as rare as now is silver, and pewter as rare as china. The general furniture of a household, of which there are so many lingering representations, needs no special description.

Out of doors, improved utensils were adopted as time advanced. We have already given some account of these in our article on local industries. Joshua Morse owned the first wheelbarrow used in the town. The wheel was a simple, solid truck, wrought from a piece of plank. This implement was in use many years ago. The first waggon had wooden axles, and the body had no braces or springs. The seat was suspended on a pair of wooden strips running longitudinally and acting in some degree as springs. The first sleigh was double, being capable of conveying at least six persons. The first single sleigh was owned by Jonathan Chase, father of Daniel. The first wagon seat, like the first sleigh seat, contained a cavity or "box" for the convenient transportation of different articles.

We have already, in a previous article, spoken of each household of the olden time as a local manufactory. Men, women and children wore largely only cloths of domestic manufacture. Wool was carded, spun, and wove by hand, fulled at the mill, and at home made into garments for both sexes. Flax was treated in a similar manner. The implements employed in the manipulation of wool and flax can now be found scattered here and there in different places. Cotton was frequently purchased in the form of yarn and woven in textile combination with wool. The laborious and slow production of fabrics necessitated a stinted economy in dress. Ladies' gowns had fewer breadths and both sexes had fewer changes of raiment. The provision of comfortable supplies of domestic conveniences required diligent labor of the whole available household throughout the year.

In the olden time, as now, improvements were at first within the privileges of the wealthier class. Consequently, they were more properly included in the department of domestic luxuries. As the local tendencies of population became more defined, the village became the natural centre of refined domestic attractions. Here luxuries early became more generally known than in the more rural districts and their glare and fascination proportionally influenced the imagination of the less favorably endowed. To cite a case, John Harris, Esq., owned the first floor carpet ever seen in Hopkinton. The introduction of this luxury excited unmeasured popular comment.

SOCIAL.

The privilege of socially commingling is always highly esteemed in every local community. Very soon after the settlement of this town, the universal taste for sociability began to exhibit itself. People met in lesser circles with their private friends or joined the general company on occasions of greater social festivity. In every locality more stated occasions of popular gatherings are selected or set apart. In the earlier days of this township, a "raising" naturally became the incentive to a popular demonstration of sociability. The erection of the frame of an important edifice brought out the majority of the entire settlement — men, women and children. It was often followed by a grand demonstration of hilarity. When, about one hundred years ago, Jeremiah Story raised the frame of his two-storied dwelling house, the younger people in the neighborhood supplemented the event by a grand party in the temporary house of their host, where some of them "danced all night till broad daylight." The autumnal husking was another occasion of jovialty. Both sexes collected at huskings, shucked the corn-ears, paid forfeits of red ones, consumed a hearty supper, of which baked beans, pump-

kin pies, and attendant gratuities of the farmer's kitchen, formed an important part, and frequently crowned the festivity with a social dance to the music of the violin. When instrumental music was wanting, dancing was kept up to the jingling melody of the best singers in the company.

Hopkinton being several times the seat of the State Government, and always close to the permanent Capitol, inauguration day, or "lection," naturally afforded the people of this town a regularly-recurring opportunity to exercise their taste for social amusement. The fascination of official dignity, the display of military, and accidental array of attractive and diverting sights and sounds,—all conspired to present an entertainment not likely to be overlooked by the masses of any society. Training and muster days also implied attractions appealing to the same social passion. The muster day, particularly, was a time of greater local interest and excitement. The mimic war, attended by the thousand and one features that always cluster around an out-door public exhibition set the hearts of the whole community agog. Nor would our references be complete unless we mentioned further those opportunities of social festivity arising from the general inter-dependence of society in the prosecution of personal enterprises. The raising and the husking are only preliminary in a list including the quilting, the apple-paring, and similar events of a more social character.

In the past history of this town was developed a social feature for which we cannot to-day show an adequate compliment. When Hopkinton was a centre of commercial and political influence, there was a corresponding representation of those who tread only the higher paths of social popularity and privilege. There were gentlemen and ladies of the old school, who not only enjoyed the better surroundings afforded by their position and power, but also trained their households in a rigid etiquette that placed a social value on the words and acts of the individual unentertained in the ranks of the great commonalty. Inevitable later changes have left but comparatively little of that higher sociability once so prominent.

MORAL.

In general, throughout the history of this town, its people have exemplified the traits of character proverbially ascribed to New England. Great crimes have been few, the population being mostly of that industrious class finding no place for overt acts against the laws of good society. However, a person familiar with only the present state of our social life can have but little conception of the peculiar features of human character always largely obtaining in a pioneer state of civilization. They are only individuals of resolute will and overwhelming personal force that can subdue a wild region, full of wild beasts and wild men. Such as subdue such a wilderness are both positive and stern both in their morals and immorals. In an intense illustration of a vigorous ideal, the first settlers in a new country strike heavily right and left, dealing energetic and telling blows, whether battling for the right or wrong. In time the increase of social and refining facilities tends more to soften than to obliterate the essential outlines of character pertaining to an incipient community, struggling for existence in a new country.* Hence, in contemplating the mental character of a people like ours, assuming the essentials to have been the same since the beginning of local history, it becomes our imaginations to intensify their conceptions the further back they extend into the past.

There was one feature of the earlier moral life of this town that requires a more special explanation. All frontier life is liable to be involved with the experiences of criminal adventures. When Hopkinton occupied a prominent position on the northern New

*In perusing the earlier records of this township, one sees an illustration of this theory in the progressive conduct of local legislation frequently required to accomplish various ends. Acts were at first passed and rescinded in multitudinous instances. The incorporation of the township, in 1765, in a large measure appears to have softened many asperities and essentially established the unity and prosperity of the community.

Hampshire frontier, it became the facile resort of thieves, smugglers, counterfeiters, and other outlaws, seeking the awards of their nefarious traffic. The obscure haunts of wood and dell afforded many an opportunity of conducting outlawry, which has left too few reliable data to encourage an exact narration. Horse-thieving, smuggling and counterfeiting were conducted by gangs of accomplices that operated on a line extending from Canada to Massachusetts. Secret meetings were held in out-of-the-way places, like the dark glen on the Sibley brook, as it approaches the meadow on Dolloph's brook, where, on a dark, rainy night, a party is said to have discovered a whole convention of men, supposed to be consulting for mutual criminal advantage. Smuggling was carried on in goods surreptitiously conveyed across the Canada border and thence southwardly to places of profitable destination. Goods were conveyed in parcels, united in lots, and distributed again in packages, to suit the convenience of the operators. The partially settled state of the country facilitated these operations so far that, with all the wariness of public officials, very little progress was made in arresting the crime. The counterfeiters dealt both in spurious notes and coin; the former were largely purchased in Canada, and the latter to some extent, possibly, manufactured here. In the chimney of an old house on the Sibley farm, taken down in 1878, by Dr. C. P. Gage of Concord, was a vault or cavity, unlike anything customarily found in old chimneys, and supposed to have been designed in furtherance of counterfeiting. The fact that a former proprietor was confined in the State Prison in Charlestown, Mass., for dealing in spurious money, added force to the suspicion. Different places in this town have been pointed out as possible or probable scenes of former criminalities in the line described, and which now belong to a shadowy historic past.

The present subject would be incomplete without a reference to the use of intoxicating liquors. At the time of the settlement of Hopkinton, the practice of alcoholic stimulation was essentially universal. Rum, or some other intoxicant, was considered an indispensable household article. Alcoholic liquors were drank at home and abroad. All social courtesies were confirmed in drinking. The neighbor who congratulated at the event of birth, the friend at the fireside, the laborer in the field, the customer at the counter, the guest at the wedding, the clergyman on his parochial rounds, and the mourner at the funeral, were all treated to liquor. On gala days and occasions fabulous quantities of intoxicants were consumed. When the first Baptist church in the town was raised, the brethren provided a barrel of rum, and a complimentary supply of sugar, for the refreshment of the company. During one town-meeting in the older time, over sixty dollars worth of liquor was sold in small quantities* in one store alone. During the continuance of the general traffic in liquor, Ira A. Putney, a teamster, conveyed from the lower country into one store in this town, thirty-six hogsheads of rum in six weeks. Possibly a considerable part of this quantity was consumed in other places, being distributed to traders more distant from the southern centres of wholesale traffic.

Previously to the great temperance reformation, which begun in this town about fifty years ago, the popular traffic in and consumption of alcoholic liquors was carried on without special moral consideration, though to some extent under legal cognition.† The redemp-

*In 1783, Rev. Elijah Fletcher settled a bill at the store of Abel Kimball. There were thirty-eight charges in the bill, and they were all for small quantities of liquor, ranging from a dram to a "point," including glasses and "mugs of flip." The evidence of mutual settlement at the bottom of the account is as follows:

Jan. 29, 1783. Reckoned and Settled all accounts from the Beginning of the World to this Day, and nothing Due on either Side.

ELIJAH FLETCHER.
ABEL KIMBALL.

†The following extract from the records of this town illustrates:

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.
MERRIMACK SS.

To the Honorable Samuel Morrill, Judge of the Probate for said County.

We, your Petitioners, humbly sheweth that——— ——— of Hopkinton, in said county, is in a habit of being almost continually intoxicated, which un-

tion of local society from this extended sway of alcohol was however mostly effected by moral suasion. Rev. Roger C. Hatch of the Congregational church, Rev. Michael Carlton of the Calvinist Baptist church, Rev. Arthur Caverno, of the Freewill Baptist church, Dr. James Gregg, and perhaps others, were prominent local apostles of temperance. Through the influence of men of high moral stamina, who presented economic, moral and spiritual motives, a great work of popular reform was instituted. However, a strict regard for historic truth requires us to suggest that, in reviewing this great revolution, allowance must be made for the fact that among those abandoning the use of intoxicants at that time there were many who had adhered to the use of liquor, not from any passion for it, but simply in fulfillment of a popular custom. The knowledge of this fact incurs a charitable consideration for the moderate success of the modern temperance reformer, who has almost wholly to combat causes that lie in the deeper recesses of the human mental or moral constitution; since men who are accustomed to commit acts in the face of popular sentiment are more difficult of effective moral approach through any avenue.

Since later times, permanent societies have been formed here in the name of temperance. In 1874, an organization of Good Templars was formed in the village of Contoocook; in 1878, one in Hopkinton village.

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fits him for any kind of business, and is spending his property, and when under the influence of ardent spirits is very violent and abusive to his family, and there is some property still left under very peculiar circumstances. We therefore pray your Honour to appoint Guardian over said —— —— agreeably to the laws of said State in such cases made and provided, as in duty bound will pray.

July 6th, 1826.

BI DWELL EMERSON, STEPHEN DARLING, STEPHEN SIBLEY, } Selectmen of Hopkinton.

A REVIEWER REVIEWED.

BY WILLIAM O. CLOUGH.

The author of the flattering tribute to "injured innocense"—a studied eulogy of the wonderful learning, eminent talent, honest purpose, respectability, disinterested and distinguished public and private services, ability to "harness a horse," drive a duck to water, and the beautiful christian virtues of the men who "see many things," who "think much, travel much, read much, write much, talk much," smoke much and pray without ceasing—vide the GRANITE MONTHLY for December, 1878—is undoubtedly a lawyer of the class complained of as thriving on the misunderstandings and misfortunes of their fellowmen in the humbler walks of life. A lawyer forsooth! To attribute a review of this character to any other professional man would be to do an injustice, violence if you please, to the public estimate of the cloth. The ear-marks, and the arraignment, the avoidance of context in the matter he would criticise, and the begging of the question at every point all bear too true a resemblance to the style of composition of the average lawyer to be mistaken by even a billious magazine scribbler. Yes, my would be smart critic must be a cheeky lawyer. No other professional man who is in his right mind, certainly no mortal of common clay, who respects himself and venerates the truth, would be guilty of such unfairness as is manifest throughout "Lawyers and Politicians." But why do I complain?

1. This reviewer, this "Daniel come to judgment" lawyer, like the world over, argues but one side of the cause. He introduces testimony not warranted by the facts, and draws upon his imagination for conclusions in a manner

that makes him ridiculous even to those favorable to vices. An honest reviewer makes mention of the article in which he finds sentiments that conflict with his own as a whole. He throws no mud at its author, and seeks no quarrel. He does not guess at grievances or hypothicate motives. He is exceedingly careful to understand the author's creation that he would desert, to commend whatever is commendable as well as to condem whatever seems to him wrong in theory and spirit. Not so with this new school reviewer. He brushes aside all these considerations and proceeds with the "cut direct." We complain, therefore, of ungenerous treatment, and insist that we have been placed in a wrong light. And why? For the simple reason that what we said about lawyers was very meager, and, on the whole, quite complimentary. Taken in connection with other matter in the article, its spirit need not be misunderstood—the whole being a review of the lesser side of professional men rather than the larger; of the things to be avoided by those starting out in life, rather than a measure of the measurer of success or failure those far advanced in life have attained. The very text was balanced with exceptions, so that the application was in every readers possibility. The argument, if argument there was, accommodated itself to a "class" within a profession, and with those who understand the mystery of a mouse-trap there is no occasion for misunderstanding. Those, therefore, who are above the pettifogger and the cheap demagogue, are not disturbed by what is unquestionably true of men in the law business, and, unlike vain and silly women, are content that others should sound their praise or speak their condemnation.

2. No other professional man, aside from the "class" of lawyers mentioned, would attempt to magnify the virtues of a mere politician, on the hypothesis that the article he is grieved about assails them, when in truth and in fact every word he quotes (as he must know) is set down against another class—the gambler and sporting man. In this particular his review ceases and bitter irony possesses him. He is terribly out of joint with the times, and withal severe on the author. "The 'professor of politics' needs no special notice in New Hampshire. He is an ever present individual, and what he don't know —unless he is mightily mistaken, and he never will admit as much—no magazine writer can tell." Only this and nothing more is said about politicians, and hence my learned and discourteous reviewer, who quoted me as saying all manner of evil against them, must stand convicted of perverting the facts to make out a case—not an uncommon occurrence with cheap lawyers. My conclusion is that he should summons for the spirit of his "saintly teacher," and request to be taught that the first, last, and only qualification of a reviewer is honesty. After he has learned this lesson he should be told by some "billous magazine scribbler, who has been righteously whipped in a law-suit," that his argument—it is not a review—reputes itself; that no better evidence of the statement that lawyers are "not burdened so heavily with knowledge as by cheek" is needed among ordinary people than the exhibition he makes of himself as a would-be reviewer.

John D. Gearq